

THE GATEWAY

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EDMONTON, ALBERTA, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1940

FOUR PAGES

Inter-Year Play Competition Friday Night

Three Named to Represent Provincial Administration on CKUA Radio Control Board

Dr. G. F. McNally, G. H. N. Monkman, and D. E. C. Campbell Named as Members

SIX-MAN BOARD COMPLETED

Rehabilitation of Transmitter Progressing Satisfactorily

Completing the personnel of six members of a new board to supervise operations of the University of Alberta radio station, the Provincial Government announced its three representatives Monday.

These are: Dr. G. Fred McNally, Deputy Minister of Education; G. H. N. Monkman, Deputy Minister of Public Works; and D. E. C. Campbell, Director of Publicity for the province.

The other three board members are representatives of the University: Dr. W. A. R. Kerr, President of the institution; Dr. Robert Newton, head of the Faculty of Agriculture; and Donald Cameron, Director of the Extension branch of the University. They were named some weeks ago.

Recently the Board of Governors of the University decided to go ahead with certain improvements to the radio station, estimated to cost around \$30,000. Under this program a new transmitter is to be installed, and the station power increased from 500 to 1,000 watts.

Under the supervision of the board, the station is expected to enter the commercial field, while also carrying on educational work. Extensions to the station are to be financed under a guarantee to be given by the Provincial Government.

Once Upon a Time . . .

By Mary Barbara Mason

Old Man Winter conspired with some of the germ world and laid yours truly up last week with that most unsophisticated of ailments—the nasty old 'flu. Thinking it over as I pondered prodigiously how to plan this patter, it came upon me how true it was that 'flu is either positive or negative. Sometimes the eyes have it, sometimes the nose. (P.S.—In my case it was both.)

To leave such idle chattering and get down to the subject. I tried, honestly I did, very hard to get through twice as many ancient Gateways as usual, and this is what I gleaned.

Time for the next four weeks, what with Christmas exams and all, will seem like an eternity, but did you know that in 1935 the entire western world celebrated the 2000th anniversary of the birth of Horace? Imagine it, born in 65 B.C., and they still were giving him birthday parties. Our local celebrations featured an original play, "The Pig of Epicurus," written especially for the occasion by U. of A. Dr. Hardy. (Incidentally, I hope you know who Horace was.)

Thumbing over pages, I ran across a paragraph which was just too good to miss. We think we're modern, but do you know that Shakespeare can prove that our present day automobile language is not so new as we think it is. Take these for example: "Wherein this knocking" (Macbeth); "Will this gear ne'er be mended" (Henry VI); "And here an engine fit for my procedure" (Two Gentlemen of Verona).

Three hundred balloons floated from the rafters as gaily clad skaters enjoyed the opening of the rink. That was six years ago. Other first nights saw the collegiate crowd enjoying a moccasin dance in our used-to-be Varsity Ring. We all wish—Oh, well, it can't be helped.

The engineers' banquets of yesterday were their usual reeling success. Year after year those men of men stagger themselves with the success of their annual banquet.

The world after all is a very small place. Had you heard that Roy Ellihill, an Arts student of class '34, is managing an export company in the Far East. Before accepting this position, Roy lived on the island of Sumatra in the Dutch East Indies. My, my, how these U. of A.ers do get around.

Year plays to the right of me. Year plays to the left of me. Year plays all around me. In fact, November Gateways yearly are cluttered up with preview stories of that dramatic night (or is it?). The theory seems to be that one must say "They're Coming! They're Coming! They're Coming!" (this could and has gone on indefinitely), and finally "They're Here! Always they are the last week in November, and always either the Senior, Junior or Sophomore play wins. Is this prejudice or inexperience? Anyway, it would be great to see the Freshies win for once.

From all accounts the St. Joe's Formal has always been one of the



Thursday—
Commerce Club Banquet; Speaker, Bro. Ansbart, St. Joseph's, 7 p.m.
Philharmonic Orchestra Practice, St. Joseph's Auditorium, 8 p.m.
Officers' Mess, Drill Hall, 8 p.m.

Friday—
Interclass Plays, Convocation Hall, 8:15 p.m.

JONES



Maldwyn (Casey) Jones, supervisor of the Dramatic Society's presentation Friday night. The Inter-year Plays, he promises, will be one of the best in years.

WILSON



Dean Wilson of the Engineering Faculty, who gave out with words of wisdom when the slide-rule men met in the Macdonald Hotel Friday night.

NOTICE

If any student wishes to use last year's picture again in this year's Year Book, the proper procedure is to notify the studio where it was taken and pay them 25c for new print. Seniors must fill out biographies at studio.

Lusty Engineers Hold Their Annual Festive Party; Convalescents Return

Macdonald Scene of General Good Time as Forty are Downed

A weird and wonderful evening was that of Friday, November 22nd. The occasion was the 20th Annual Banquet of the Engineering Students' Society. It might have been the Coal Heavers' and Plumbers' Annual Get-together. The cold grey walls of the Macdonald Hotel steeled themselves against the onslaught, and shivered at the thought of what was to come. At the stroke of seven the advance guard arrived, entered the revolving doors, made a left wheel and started the preliminaries. At 7:30 the main body arrived, and the blitzkrieg was on.

Following an appetizer or ten, the assembled 125 attacked with gusto a menu consisting of such palatable delicacies as mull balls, mine props, satellites, synthetic leather, and sludge. After a digester or ten (such a menu requires them), gourmandizing gave way to satisfaction. Following the toast to the King, proposed by President Charles Stollery, Pandora Astors gave way to mere satisfaction, and everyone began to feel like a king. Good digestion paused, was replaced by merriment, and the fun began.

Festivities got under way as the banquet hall resounded to the ribald songs of the Engineers. The Anvil Chorus had nothing on the well-oiled tonsils of these boys. As the noise and the shouting died, Jack Roper rose and proposed a toast to the University. Jack emphasized the future value of our University education and the associations made here; the memories and common interests which we shall take away with us. He concluded with an appropriate excerpt from Tennyson. (Not a single man asked who Tennyson was.) Dean Wilson replied, drawing anecdotes from his own experiences with the University. He made an amazing confession, which was told in all confidence, and so unfortunately may not be repeated here. Dean Wilson, in his constant association with University youth, feels he has much over his fellow men, in that it is keeping him young in age and spirit. He finds it a veritable fountain of youth.

Seriousness once more gave way to hilarity in the portrayal of the Fourth Year Skit, which, while of questionable educational value, was much enjoyed by those who heard it and those who saw it. The plot took place ten years hence. It seems a group of our good professors as portrayed by certain characters

from among the Senior Engineers, were engaged in the construction of a huge project. As is characteristic of the work done by the Engineering students and professors from Alberta, not a detail was lacking, down to the last Eaton's catalogue. Any resemblance to persons living or dead was purely coincidental—and served them right.

As the mellowness of the evening reached its peak, Herb Wilson proposed a toast to the Professors. Debunking one of Nature's and Engineering's soundest rules, and causing Newton to turn over in his grave, Brother Wilson defied the laws of gravity as he opened up with a burst of Shakespeare, to wit:

I come not to bury the Professors, nor to praise them; Not to roast them, but to toast them.

The idiosyncracies of these men live after them, Their teachings are oft interred with their bones. He did what he came to do, no more, no less, and those present had many a laugh at the expense of the professors. Dr. Allen, Honorary President of the Society, in his inimitable style, gave Mr. Wilson both barrels (Yer a hard man, McGee). Dr. Allen's reply was the highlight of the evening as he showed the relationship existing between the Engineers and their professors, both while attending University and in the years following graduation. He concluded with a quotation from John Barry, stating three things one can never take back, to wit: "Spoken words, lost opportunity, and past life." Only one man asked, "Who is John Barry?" Who said the Engineers weren't cultured?

A feature attraction in the person of the great artist, "Rags" Rolleson, amused the receptive audience with his portrayal of his fur-footed, foured—pardon me—four-footed furred friends. What that man can

Love of Nellie Inspired Burns As Song Writer

Musical Club Hears Paper by Alice Frick

DOCHERTY, FLUMERFELT SING

Second meeting of the University Musical Club was held on Sunday, Nov. 24. The meeting was devoted to Burns' songs and poetry.

Alice Frick, presented an interesting paper on his songs. Burns wrote many poems, but he ranked highest as a song-writer. Many of his songs were inspired by his love for "Nellie," and were written for her to sing. He began with a familiar tune, and re-wrote the words or changed them altogether. Song-writing was a duty to Burns, as well as a pleasure. He relied upon his mother wit for his songs, and the humor and wit contained in them makes each artistic in itself.

The beauty of Burns' songs was illustrated by three artists: Ian Docherty sang "Mary Morrison," "My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose," "Green Grow the Rushes O"; Gertrude Carlyle sang "Afton Water," John Anderson, My Jo"; Roger Flumerfelt sang "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doone," "Duncan Gray." Group singing marked the close of the evening.

Next meeting will be held on Dec. 15, and will be the last this year. Two Edmonton artists will perform, namely, Mary Brownlee, pianist, and Shirley Nare, soprano.

Commerce Club Combine Supper, Lecture Thurs.

The next meeting of the Commerce Club is to be held on Thursday, Nov. 28, in St. Joe's dining room. The principal speaker of evening is to be Brother Ansbart, whose topic will be "Havana."

This meeting promises to be rather novel. After supper, the wreckage will be cleared away and a lecture in Commercial Law 41 will be delivered for one hour and a half by Mr. L. Y. Cairns. This strange procedure was made necessary because of the clash between the time of the meeting and the regular evening lecture. To avoid confusion and delay it was agreed upon to have the lecture following the meeting.

Equipment for COTC Arrives

New equipment for the COTC, and Auxiliary Battalion has been arriving during the last few months which will greatly facilitate training. Among the items received have been an 18-pounder field gun to be used by the artillery for demonstration purposes, several Lewis guns as well as complete gas protection equipment.

The field gun, the unit's largest acquisition, and the object of much fond attention, arrived unheralded several weeks ago at a local railroad station. Some rather interesting facts were unearthed concerning this gun. While it is not the latest type, being officially replaced by the "25 gun howitzer," it is still very useful. The firing range may be from 2,500 to 4,000 yards, although it can be effectively used at a much shorter distance against firing moving troops. It is very similar to the famous French 75, which proved of such value in the Battle of France. The shells weigh 18 pounds, and may be charged with shrapnel or high explosive as required. The gun is manned by a crew of from three to six, and is readily transported by tractor truck from place to place.

Four Lewis guns were also received recently, two in actual firing order and two for demonstration purposes only. These machine guns are officially outdated for infantry use by the famous Bren gun, but are still considered very effective for anti-aircraft defence, as they have larger "cone of fire," or area in which the bullets spray out. Their firing range is from 600 to 1,600 yards, and they are capable of firing 600 rounds of ammunition per minute. However, the actual number of rounds is much less, the magazine only holding 47 rounds at a time. Instructor school is to begin next week, and later instruction will be given to the Auxiliary Battalion.

Gas protection in the form of gas masks, or more correctly "respirators," is now complete, with 120 of these strange-looking devices on hand. Instruction in their use is to be given to the battalion during the winter. Before the term is over the unit will make a seven mile route march wearing respirators. This is an experience which is not entirely designed for the complete comfort of the wearer, particularly if the weather is at all hot.

Arrival of 400 Springfield rifles for the battalion is expected soon. These rifles are of American manufacture, although they are similar to those used by the British. On hand at present at 125 rather shabby Lee-Enfields, now being used for drill purposes. Instruction in the actual use of this type of weapon is expected to be carried out on the rifle ranges situated beneath the electrical engineering lab. some time during the winter.

Novel Contest Features Last House Dance

Drink Cokes from Baby Bottles

Last House Dance of 1940 was held Saturday evening in Athabasca gym. Cecil Lewis and his student orchestra lifted the most danceable of danceable rhythm throughout the hall.

During intermission, Johnny Dickson, the able M.C., announced a novel and what proved to be a hilarious contest. Six brave young men lined up on the stage, where they received Coca Cola in baby bottles. At the signal they gulped furiously. Harold Benson emerged victorious, being the first to dispose of all of his bottle. He was presented with a box of chocolates. Other contestants were Bob McKenzie, Tim Corbett, Ian Fraser, Rene Boileau and Dick Hyslop.

Later, the genial O'Connor brothers, Julius and Johnny, tripped out their tricky tapping to the delight of an enthusiastic audience.

Only flaw in a perfect evening was the knowledge that the examinations must end the house dances until 1941. Students of the University will eagerly welcome the return of these weekly shindigs.

do with an oval and a circle is amazing.

This was followed by films, presented by the Third Year class, and which they must have found in the Ark. Much must have happened while the lights were out. But the results cannot be told here. The walls of the Macdonald bulged and gave way to the exuberant spirits of the departing members. For further details, ask your favorite Engineers.

NOTICE

All news reporters of Tuesday edition will meet in The Gateway office Thursday at 3:30.

Actors, Actresses Completing Rehearsals for Performances In Convocation Hall at 8:15

Four Plays to Feature Contest—All Classes Have Entries

KEEN RIVALRY

Tickets Go On Sale Wednesday Morning—Campus "A" Cards Valid

For the past week Convocation Hall has been the scene of many labors, both manual and dramatic. Budding Lyn Fontaines have repeated lines, forgotten cues and started all over again. Amateur Martin Harveys have stamped the boards thundering their parts and retiring in a flourish of applause from the occasional stage-hand that happened to be watching. Men with ambitions along other lines have hammered up hangings, erected room interiors and provided atmosphere. Lights—those radiant beams that make or break a play—have been arranged, and now the stage is set, the curtain goes up on the Inter-year Plays. For years this dramatic night has proven one of the most popular of Varsity activities, and this year will be no exception.

The Freshman class—most amateur of the Varsity amateurs—have worked and slaved over "Teapot on the Rocks." From previous Gateways you have no doubt learned that the story concerns two helpless women in the persons of Beverly Dahl and Shauna Little, trying vainly to manage a tea-room. As the title suggests, the tea-room has gone bankrupt until the grocery boy and the gas man (Max Grant and Bill Harrison respectively) provide an ending Horatio Alger would be proud of. Comedy, of course, is this play, and sure to provoke volumes of laughter from its audience. Mary Watson directs the piece.

Noel Coward wrote "The Family Album," which the Sophs will produce Friday evening. It deals with a family (the usual kind), but the ending is a surprise. In true Coward style, the family skeleton falls out of the cupboard to the disillusionment of the happy circle. With Norma Coburn (of The Wedding fame, last year's Freshman production), Fran Norris, Mary Frazer, Margaret Ferguson, Murray Kendrick, Bill Carr and Bob Hole, the Sophomore play has the biggest cast, and at dress rehearsal time promised to be a good bet for the prize of the evening. Director is Ethel Simberg.

In definite contrast will be the family story of "The House of Juke," directed by John Aitken. Not true comedy, but semi-hilarious, the story deals with the Juke family, notorious as criminals and delinquents for many generations. Kentucky is the scene where Willson Mackenzie as "Juke" wants to marry the school teacher, Isobel Dean (not the usual type of schoolmarm), in opposition to the family's wishes. Audrey Ladler, Pete Pookla and Tom MacDonald complete the cast. Good luck, Juniors!

Gwen Pharis's "Still Stands the House," powerful drama if there ever was such, is the play chosen by the Seniors. Truly Albertan is this intense tragedy of the southern drought area. Beth (W.W.W.) Rankin (everybody knows her) as the half-mad sister is responsible for the death of her brother Mac Burke (voted best actor last year) and his wife, Flo Brent (last year's best actress) in a southern Alberta bazaar. Delmar (I'll sell the farm) Foote is the land agent. Direction is in the hands of Olive Duff.

Prizes for the evening and the goals of all the people who have worked for November 29th, are the J. T. Jones Shield for the best play and bronze medals for the best actor and actress. This is the first year any formal award for the evening's two stars has been given, and a very good idea it is, too.

Judges will be Miss Maimie Simpson, Dr. W. H. Johns, and Dr. R. K. Gordon.

Wauneita War Workers Make Appeal For Aid From Co-eds

Are the Wauneita War Workers receiving all the support they deserve? Are you sacrificing any of your time to help any of the hard-working committee engaged in war aid at the House Ec lab? Perhaps you like to assist, but you aren't sure who to get in touch with. For your information, Miss Nellie Cram is in charge of First Aid classes, held every Wednesday at 4 o'clock, in Med 156. Miss Cram would be more than pleased to arrange for your enrollment in her classes.

If dramatically inclined to help, why not see Miss Christine Van der Mark, who arranges the W.W.W. broadcasts heard over CKUA every Tuesday afternoon. Think what fun you'd have portraying Sister Susie singing songs for soldiers. You might even get a chance to dramatize your own little pitfalls in knitting and sewing. Incidentally and fundamentally, you'd be encouraging

more willing aides and informing the people of this province just what Alberta co-eds are doing. Perhaps you'd rather sew or knit. Why not repair to the House Ec lab, where Mary Lawson or Doreen Stenson would be glad to have you employed as a seamstress, or have you do some knitting. Even one afternoon a week would reward those in charge. Need we cite the values of war work? Besides, you'd be surprised the feeling you'll have knowing you're doing your part.

IMPORTANT SOCCER NOTICE

The Soccer Club will hold its closing supper Thursday night at 6 p.m., in the balcony ten room of St. Joe's Cafeteria. All members are urgently requested to attend, as re-organization for next year will be the main item on the agenda.

THE GATEWAY



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SINCE the meeting last week of the Independent members of the Alberta Legislature at which a resolution was passed, charging that the government was supplying the money for the expansion and improvement of the University Radio Station CKUA with the view of using the station to spread political propaganda, practically every newspaper in Alberta has carried either a news story or an editorial, or both, about the Aberhart administration's purpose in financing CKUA.

In an editorial entitled "A Government Mouth-piece?" the Calgary Herald point out that the Social Credit government in the past "has not been at all squeamish about using public funds for the specific purpose of publicizing itself," and lists different projects which the government has undertaken to familiarize the taxpayer with the activities of the administration—at the expense of the taxpayer. From this the Editor draws the conclusion that the premier will not hesitate to use the government controlled station to the fullest capacity. The Calgary Albertan compares the agreement between the University and the Alberta government to the agreement between the Vichy government of Marshall Pétain and Hitler. "The Government pays the piper and will call the tune," the editorial continues. "Either the Government will have control or there will be trouble."

Mayor Davidson of Calgary, Independent member in the House, has asked Premier Aberhart to make a public statement that the government has no intention of purchasing time on radio station CKUA, in which case he is willing to admit that he erred in believing that the government had this in mind when it advanced \$30,000 to reconstruct the station.

As yet there has been no reply from the Premier to this challenge. Mr. Manning, acting-premier at the time of the mayor's statement, criticized the resolution adopted by the Independents, branding their charges as false, and "twisted, misleading reference". He said nothing which contradicts the assumption the government will use CKUA in some degree for their own purposes, whatever those purposes may be. Dr. W. A. R. Kerr, President of the University, has also denied that the purpose of the government's guarantee of a loan of \$30,000 to CKUA was "to provide itself with a means of spreading publicity favorable to itself."

All the charges and assumptions made by the various newspapers have been mere conjectures, for there has been no indication whatsoever that Premier Aberhart has any intention of using the University radio for any publicity on government departments, accomplishments, or even for the Prophetic Bible Institute broadcasts.

Contrary to the belief rampant in the editorials, it was the University which approached the government for expansion of the radio station, and not the government which offered to advance the loan. This has not been the first time that the administrations of Alberta have been asked to aid in the reconstruction of CKUA. All other times we have been refused, and now since the Aberhart administration recognizes the necessity of rebuilding the University station, political opponents seize upon it as a means of grinding their own axe.

Moreover, the radio station has not passed into government hands. The control of the station is under the supervision of a six-man board, three members appointed by the government: Dr. G. F. McNally, Deputy Minister of Education, G. H. Monkman, Deputy Minister of Public Works, and D. E. C. Campbell, Director of Publicity for the province; the other three appointed by the University Board of Governors. These men are Dr. W. A. R. Kerr, who has stated that the University must be kept free from politics at all costs; Donald Cameron, under whose capable management the station has carried on under increasingly difficult conditions; and Dean Newton of the Department of Agriculture. That these men have anything but the welfare of the

CASSEROLE

May—What were you up to when you left that cocktail party so suddenly?
Fay—My fifteenth drink.

Hold your nose—here it comes!

Facetious One—Why so gloomy, old chap?
Gloomy One—Just heard my uncle has cut me out of his will. He's altered it five times in the last two years.
Facetious One—Ha! Evidently a fresh heir fiend, what?

University of heart is unthinkable.

But while this controversy is raging the reconstruction of the University station is proceeding, and CKUA should be able to begin commercial broadcasting early in the new year. When this plan becomes a fact, its time will be open to anyone who is willing to buy their way. The Independents charge that Premier Aberhart has already done so.

Legally, there is no reason on earth why the government should not purchase time on the radio station. For being commercial, it must have an exceptionally good reason for refusing time to any person or organization. This applies to the Independents as well as to the Social Credit government, the Liberals, or the C.C.F. Everyone has an equal opportunity, and if one party is to be stopped they must all be, and this is what we suggest:

That steps be taken to see that CKUA, in spite of its commercial nature, be not compelled to carry political broadcasts of any nature.

Since its inauguration the University station has been strictly a non-profit organization, providing education and instruction, pleasure and enjoyment for the people of this province. The University has been free from political, religious and social controversy. Should the radio station be used for political purposes, it would antagonize not only a large section of the population of Alberta, but also the students attending this institution.

Since we have been denied the right to have political clubs representing all parties on the campus, and are not allowed to engage in any political matters, we should not have our intelligence insulted by having our radio carry political propaganda of any nature, or in any form, sponsored by any party whatsoever.

Our Battle, by Francis Owen

"He only life and freedom doth deserve
Who day by day must conquer them anew."
—Goethe's Faust.

The big question mark at the moment in the diplomatic offensive and defensive strategy on the European front is Russia. Will Russia permit Germany to launch an attack through Rumania and Bulgaria against either Greece or Turkey? Will Russia act if Jugo-Slavia is invaded by Germany and Italy? Will Russia remain neutral? Or will Russia join Germany and Italy in an offensive which would spread the war not only to the Balkans, but also to the Near East?

It is perhaps safe to take for granted that Russia, or at least the Russian Government, distrusts Great Britain. But even if there were a desire to do so, a British offensive against Russia, except to counteract an attack, is not even a remote possibility. What constitutes the chief danger to Russia? Possibly action by Japan in the Far East, but most certainly attack by Germany along Russia's European border. Why most certainly? Hitler himself has made it quite plain. Could the intentions expressed in the following paragraphs from "Mein Kampf" be interpreted as showing any kindly intentions?

"But if we talk about new soil and territory we can think primarily only of Russia and its vassal border states."

"If one wanted land and soil in Europe, then by and large this could only have been done at Russia's expense, and then the new Reich would again have to start marching along the road of the Knights of the Order of former times to give, with the help of the German sword, the soil to the plough and the daily bread to the nation."

"We must never forget that the regents of present day Russia are common bloodstained criminals, that here is the sum of humanity, which favored by conditions in a tragic hour, overran a great state, butchered and rooted out millions of its leading intellects with savage bloodthirstiness, and for nearly ten years has exercised the most frightful regime of tyranny of all time. Nor must we forget that these rulers belong to a nation which combines a rare mixture of bestial horror with an inconceivable gift of lying, and today more than ever before believes itself called upon to impose its bloody oppression on the whole world. . . . But one does not conclude a treaty with someone whose sole interest in the destruction of his partner. Above all, one does not make them with parties to whom no treaty would be sacred, since they inhabit this world, not as the advocates of honor and truthfulness, but as the advocates of lying, theft, rapine and plundering."

"Nature knows no political boundaries. . . . The strongest in courage and industry receives then as the most favored child of nature the right of mastery."

Politics and war make strange bedfellows, and both often end in divorces. Will Stalin in his desire to weaken both Great Britain and Germany to the point of exhaustion risk the loss of the wheat fields and the industries of the Ukraine by permitting or assisting Germany to obtain control of the Black Sea and the Dardanelles? It would appear insane to do so. To answer the question one would have to know what is going on in the inner council in Moscow. But . . . ?

FRANCIS OWEN,
Dept. of Modern Languages.

CORRESPONDENCE

Editor, The Gateway.

"Most potent, grave and reverend Signior
My very noble and approv'd good Master."

Salve (How are you?): Quid rides? (Why do you laugh?): My first thought—from outside the Campus occasionally looking in at The Gateway—is one of felicitation upon the higher cultural standard of the current issue.

May I now venture comment upon the excellent contribution of Stewart Hay. "If it be true that good wine needs no bush," it should follow that Hay's constructive thought needs no "boost". Res ipsa loquitur (the thing speaks for itself) (vide et crede (see and believe) (Dean Law Faculty). It does speak for itself. Inter nos (between us) you may like "in vino veritas (there is truth in wine)" better. In substance it is a good play for a better U. of A. Press Record.

With nothing more to commend me to your columns than an early registration "ad eundem gradum" (similar standing)—when the Albertan infant was still "mewling and puking" in its nurses' arms (ref: custos rotulorum (Registrar)). In that now remote period, the U. of A. could hardly spell out loud much less construct "quaecumque vera (whatsoever things are true), motto of U. of A. (as the Provost would have it). Contentedly, then, I conjure you with the "gams" from Hay. They are so well worth while. Patiently waited for as the dawn of better things in Collegiate expression. Isn't it about time they arrived? and accepted "in toto" (altogether), were translated into "fait accompli" (accomplished fact)—the quicker the sooner. To particularize may seem merely the redundancy of "hoary" age. Still I think you will agree:

(1) Something should be done about The Gateway to ensure that it does present the picture of our University life as faithfully and as completely as possible. There'll always be a Gateway floating around some place. "Verba volant, Scripta manent" (words fly, writings remain) (ask the Librarian). Still as fresh as the day it was printed with all its "piffle and twaddle" and an occasional true note.

(2) The quality of the material printed should be original and in keeping with the fact that it appears in our University press—the history of our times. Optimates (aristocrats, literally the best) the best we are capable of should be something. Seniors priores (elders

Ag-Tivities

Well, as one angel said to another angel, "Halo."

The Ag Club executive are to be commended for a very fine party last Thursday night. Everyone had a grand time. Come on, Aggies, support the Ag Club, and let's have many more such parties.

Did you notice the northern lights last Friday about midnight? I have seen them dart about the sky many times, but never with such vivid colors. A meteoric phenomenon in technicolor. Schumiatcher says that they are the spirits of dead Indians holding a pow-wow. As we stood enraptured by their beauty, I thought of London. There the northern lights are the reflections of burning homes and the explosions of anti-aircraft shells.

With the countryside covered with a fresh blanket of snow and the days getting so very short, and signs out telling us to do our Christmas shopping early, we realize that the grand old holiday is less than a month away. Turkey and cranberry sauce, Christmas trees and presents, jingle bells and Santa Claus, Christmas exams, and . . . Oh, yes.

There were two very embarrassed Aggies on the campus last week. "Corny Joe" went up to the Registrar's office as per instructions received. And after standing on one foot and then the other for an hour or so while the staff went through files, etc., he was told at last that perhaps someone was playing a joke on him.

And the Aggie at the Masonic the other night who took his girl friend to the "cutest little sitting room" for a smoke. (I didn't see that darn sign on the door.)

Last Wednesday evening there was a debate in the Med Building: "Resolved that present political democracy contains the germ of its own destruction." There were thirty people present, counting the debaters and the chairman. Could it be that we were all too busy, or could it be that we are indifferent to democracy—could be.

In this week's little thumbnail sketch we would like to tell you of a popular Sophomore Aggie, Marion Lockertie. Marion is vice-president of the Soph class, and last year held the same position with the Freshies. She is a conscientious worker, and is a bright spot in all the classes. Marion lives in the city and is a staunch friend of Miss D. (the Freshette of last year's class). The only thing that we can say against her is that she tells some of the corniest jokes. Oh, yes, boys—she drives an Oldsmobile.

If all the Engineers who attended the banquet last Friday were laid end to end, we wouldn't be at all surprised. But it was too much when I heard a Freshie Engineer arguing with a taxi driver below my window that the two alligators that were with him should pay part of the fare. I couldn't see no alligators.

'Bye now.

IN MEMORIAM
With hopeful views of internal screws
And insides all in a heap.
As is my style, I mix 'em awhile
And hope that Lizzie will leap.
With nowhere for more, there are
parts galore
Left out, when I get in the seat.
With a howl and a mutter she starts
to stutter,
She sure doesn't know when she's
beat.

PASSING BY
Delicious, delightful,
Sumptuously divine!
—Another guy with her—
Wish she were mine.

Superb in form and beauty,
Even from afar,
But I can't get near her.
—This year's car.

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Much Ado About Nothing

By QUEENA WERSHOF

Are you planning to be a nurse, a laundress or a footman? Then hear ye the sage advice of one Jonathan Swift (who did write other things besides Gulliver's Travels). The following are the printable cream of the crop:

"Directions to the Nurse. If you happen to let the child fall, and lame it, be sure never confess it; and if it dies, all is safe."

"Directions to the Laundress. If you sing the linen with the iron, rub the place with flour, chalk, or white powder; and if nothing will do, wash it so long till it be either fit not to be seen, or torn to rags."

"Directions to the Footman. In order to learn the secrets of other families, tell them those of your master's; thus you will grow a favourite both at home and abroad, and be regarded as a person of importance."

"Take off the largest dishes and set them on with one hand, to shew the ladies your vigour and strength of back; but always do it between two ladies, that, if the dish happens to slip, the soup or sauce may fall on their clothes, and not daub the floor."

"If you are bringing up a joint of meat in a dish, and it falls out of your hand before you get into the dining room, with the meat on the ground and the sauce spilled, take up the meat gently, wipe it with the flap of your coat, then put it again into the dish, and serve it up; and when your lady misses the sauce, tell her it is to be sent up in a plate by itself."

"When you carry up a dish of meat, dip your fingers in the sauce, or lick it with your tongue, to try whether it be good, and fit for your master's table."

"When you are in lodgings, and no shoe-boy to be got, clean your master's shoes with the bottom of the curtains, a clean napkin, or your landlady's apron."

"Never clean your shoes on the scraper, but in the entry at the foot of the stairs, by which you will have the credit of being at home almost a minute sooner, and the scraper will last longer."

"While grace is saying after meat, do you and your brethren take the chairs from behind the company, so that when they go to sit again, they may fall backwards, which will make them all merry; but be you so discreet as to hold your laughter till you get to the kitchen, and then divert your fellow-servants."

"When you wait behind a chair at meals, keep constantly wriggling the back of the chair that the person behind whom you stand may know you are ready to attend him."

"When you carry a glass of liquor to any person who hath called for it, do not bob him on the shoulder, or cry, Sir, or Madam, here's the glass; that would be unmannerly, as if you had a mind to force it down one's throat; but stand at the person's left shoulder and wait his time; and if he strikes it down with his elbow by forgetfulness, that was fault and not yours."

"When you take a foul plate from any of the guests, and observe the foul knife and fork lying on the plate, shew your dexterity, take up

the plate, and throw off the knife and fork on the table, without shaking of the bones or broken meat that are left; then the guest, who hath more time than you, will wipe the fork and knife already used."

These are only a few hints. For those who wish to delve into the subject more deeply, I would recommend your reading certain sections of his satires. I am sure you will be amply recompensed."

Swift kept a notebook in which he wrote down thoughts that came to him. Here are a few of his resolutions which hold good even today—or don't you think?

"Not to be peevish, or morose, or suspicious."

"Not to tell the same story over and over to the same people."

"Not to be covetous."

"Not to be influenced by, or give ear to, knavish tattling."

"Not to be too free of advice, nor trouble any but those that desire it."

"Not to talk much, nor of myself."

"Not to boast of my former beauty, or strength, or favour with ladies, etc."

"Not to be positive or opinative."

And now from one type of literature to quite another. Here is a selection sent in by a young co-ed entitled "A Desk Motto":

In Summer, Spring and also Fall I do not like to work at all.

In Winter, as you may have guessed,

My favorite indoor sport is rest. That just expresses our sentiments exactly!

Hi Pal!

Here I am at college. What a jern! I've got so much to tell you I don't even know where to begin. It sure isn't what I figured it would be. And then some. Tie yourself in a chair and start readin'.

In the beginning there was Freshman Weew. Women! Millions of 'em. And me without a spoon. Did I falter? No! Excelsior! On to Wool! Enough of that. Dances, smokers, teas, receptions made the place buzz with activity. In fact, it reached a high-pitched whine. They certainly have a great system for making a fellow feel comfortable around here. But just as I was getting warmed up to the place everything suddenly stopped—boom!

And then I was running around in circles with everybody else looking at me. Ah well, it was fun while it lasted, and I met a great bunch of fellows.

You should have seen our rugby team play Saskatchewan. Boy, what a game! I've never seen such perfect teamwork in all my life. It is a bit of a shame that they can't teamwork as perfect in other things up here as we find in the brand of rugby. Great stuff! Just in case you would like to know, we won.

They work a real system up here, and it makes mamma pay instead of papa. I mean the Waunetta dance and Sadie Hawkins' week. The Waunettas are a bunch of women who think they should wear the pants in the family tepee. They run around dressed up in feathers and blankets. The gals take the boys to this dance of theirs and foot all the bills. Ain't that sompin'? I guess they find out just what is involved in making a date—good for 'em, if you ask me! Sadie Hawkins' Week is practically the same thing. The gals do all the dating for a week. We go over to the local beanyery and the girls buy the cokes. I am happy to say, dear friend, that I drank a fair number of cokes that week. The boys from one of the residences, St. Steve's, played hostesses to the gals and threw a tea brawl. It really was something—and did it have repercussions. Wow! The rest of the campus blitzkrieged Steve's—horsed the rooms, tried to tub the inmates and in general started a miniature war. In fact, it was the best riot

Supreme Test

The young man was undergoing a terrific mental and physical strain. His face was hot and aflame from the red blood surging to his face. Sweat gathered in beads on his forehead and his hands. With clammy, trembling fingers, he held in a tight straining hold a slim slender object lying by his side. It felt so cool to the touch, it made shivers go down his spine. In his free hand he held a straight razor. The steel gleamed in the light of the lamp, showing up a surface sharp enough to cut a hair.

Irritated by a few strands of hair, he clumsily brushed them aside to proceed with his weighty task. It was not his first attempt. He had often done work even more nerve-racking. Every move, every step, was planned to perfection in his mind. Gathering courage, he inhaled deeply, and made a swift clean stroke with his razor. A long sigh, mixed with despair and relief escaped his trembling lips. Closely, intently, he examined the object of his mutilation. He was so deeply engrossed in his own thoughts, he did not hear a small wizen little man making his way towards him.

It was not until he felt the hot breath of someone leaning over him that he looked up from his handiwork and said, "Oh, Dr. Krantz, God, you frightened me."

"No need to fear, my boy," said the doctor in a soft-spoken voice, "that's a lovely cross-section of a young root you have there, Michael; adjust your microscope for high power and you will see the parts better."—Manitoba.

Stop! Look! Listen! "This is What I Think" Says a Freshman

I've ever seen. No halfway measures up here—no, sir!

Their actions like this makes Varsity. I mean, nothing if not original. And when I say original, I mean original. And no foolin' no-how.

I have just blow the foam of the academic stein and written my November tests. They weren't bad. Do you remember how they used to tell us in high school that we were just getting a foundation? Well, they don't tell you that here, but it amounts to the same thing. I've been building so many foundations lately that I'm beginning to wonder if I'm ever going to start on the house. I can't see that I will if things go on this way. Honestly, kid, the courses I'm taking here are fine, but they aren't helping me think for myself. Why? Because everything around here seems so "academic"! I can't see the proper bearing of any course to reality. In such a short time I don't expect to know exactly, but I would like to know the general direction in which I am going. Right now I don't know where I am nor where I'm going, but I have the edge on some students—at least I know where I came from. There is something missing—that touch of reality.

I haven't had time to figure this out yet. The courses are too intensive for a man to have time to think freely. Everything is bound up in study, C.O.T.C., and fun. They shoot the studies to you so fast that if you stop to mull a question over in your mind, you suddenly wake up to find that the rest of the class is three chapters ahead of you.

The C.O.T.C. has one thing you don't find anywhere else on the campus—discipline. Discipline is the keynote of the C.O.T.C. In it our responsibilities are defined, our actions are determined by others, and yet there is an "esprit de corps."

Authority is recognized and respected. The Corps is infinitely more successful in operation than the administrative scheme of the students because it has this discipline. Just compare the two: Esprit de corps against Varsity Spirit; pride in efficiency against a slap-happy student fellowship; military rights as soldiers against democratic rights as citizens and students. Now compare the results of the two bodies. The C.O.T.C. sees its job, everyone's part in getting it done is clear-cut, the result is a job done quickly and efficiently with no wasted effort. On the other hand, the students "muddle through."

Authority is not respected enough, responsibility is not recognized, and the job, if completed, comes through the labor very much the worse for wear.

The social side of life up here is important, too. If a man doesn't get out and around he finds himself sitting in the back seat, and he doesn't even know who's driving. A man has to get out into the midst of the fun before he can hope to know who's who or what's what.

Class elections have been held, and executives are just beginning to get used to their positions. They have the same sort of party system up here that has ruined a great many democracies in the last year. It is ruining this system too. There must be order and discipline to a greater degree in Varsity if we are to have the most efficient system.

Discipline, not at the expense of personal liberties, but by the proper observance of responsibility in the administration and in the student body. Discipline in which each of the faculty executives backs the main student activities, such as open forums, social functions, student government meetings and the like. Discipline in which each student lends his moral support, at least, to student enterprise instead of wasting his energy heckling enthusiasts. As it is, everyone seems to be too content of the stability of this institution.

They threw a budget meeting at

SIGNS AND SYMPTOMS

(A Weekly Analysis by)

MIKE ROWSCOPE

We are constantly being impressed with the change in tone that denotes a nation at war. Such an atmosphere has rightly, though belatedly, permeated the hall of learning at the University, and the students one by one are asking both in private and public discussions, "Where do we stand?"

Stewart Hay, in his pointed but justified correspondence of Friday's issue of The Gateway, has verbalized this attitude in a manner that should draw results, if the numbers seeking higher learning at this centre have any "guts" at all. Too long has the atmosphere derived from those attending this institution reflected the vague Free Arts. Instead, with the Democratic ideal clamoring for action in its defence, centres of learning must reflect a "will to action"—and this, it is to be hoped, is slowly finding expression.

Aside from Mr. Hay's suggestion of type and arrangement of individual pages which are arbitrary, his serious demand of topic and tone are commendable. Let not the student body believe misguidedly that medical, dental, engineering, nursing, pharmacology, or any other type of professional student is disinterested in the broader aspects of humanity, and only concern themselves with the narrow limits of their chosen degree. To the contrary, it is the sincere interest in these fields that draws these students into their elected fields, and that draws forth a disgust with a surrounding that is in many ways far below the standard of that with which they would be associated.

As The Gateway will always be a standard to the outside of the activities within, so let it reflect the serious concern of the majority of the populace, and not be merely a plaything with which young girls and boys rack their brains to devise new procedures for amusement.

Mr. Hay's suggestion that theses prepared by graduates and post-graduates be published is an excellent one, and should be inaugurated immediately. This would give your senior students something to bite on.

It seems that the greatest difficulty in achieving this general end lies in the fact that junior students are given the great responsibility of providing the major part of the paper-content. If this is the case, it is the great mistake, for who could expect relatively inexperienced undeveloped freshmen and sophomores (this is no personal reflection, but the bitter truth) to know what material is significant and what is not? Who could expect junior students in the general field of Arts and Science to be acquainted with what is of academic import-

ance and what is not? It is true they do a good job of "function" reporting, but as yet they have shown no initiative and individuality in the most important field of "feature writing." Witness the complaint of the Editor.

The suggestion is, then, that for the sake of precedent the editors assume the responsibility by what ever means they deem expedient, of appointing senior students from the Arts as well as from the professions, these to be charged with the duties (pleasant though they may be) of publicizing the academic features of their profession, such as in Biographies and Autobiographies, pertinent papers, original investigations and analyses of subjects concerned; such feature writers to be either contacted personally or called for by volunteer methods, or by being offered paid positions at a nominal rate.

It is to be hoped that by the many suggestions offered both in the immediate past and in the future that the spirit of serious concern already under way will be given impetus, and that the voice of the many just critics will be still with satisfaction to the point of satiation.

(The writers assumes all responsibility for the above being published under this reserved column, for he considers the topic one of direct interest to the sponsors who constitute a large proportion of the student body.)

Who is that little boy who writes for the engineers? Whoever he is, we dare not challenge outright, for the all-powerful Editors-in-chief have warned "young truly" against dealing in personalities. This made us laugh, because they should have known better—we just can't find theirs to deal in. But what most amuses us is his utter lack of originality. If any of our dear readers are familiar with their Tuesday rendition (rendee, meaning to tear apart), you would have noticed their feeble attempt to make our previous quip retroactive. Of course, the sum total was to keep their mentality in the gutter where this writer had stooped in order to contact the engineer. By all subsequent evidence, we made our contact. Before climbing out of this very same gutter this week, we wish to remind our friend that, technically speaking, the body habitually has three methods of eliminating metabolic waste-products: he has referred to this column as representing one method; we wish to refer to a second that is synonymous with Engineer Output, and we don't mean CO2. Will someone please take me out of this gutter?

In browsing through the Medical library one hour last week we came across an article representing a paper read by a Medical Officer of the U.S. Navy to a convention of Psychologists (Psychiatry, Sept., 1940). In the main, the paper dealt with psychiatric problems resulting from naval service. Many interesting points were elicited, but among the most significant was the fact that examiners reviewing young medical graduates applying for the position of Naval M.O., showed an increasing deficiency in the knowledge of basic principles of Medical Psychology.

In considering this point we naturally look at our own Medical College with interest. Judging from the attitude of the students as they take their third and fourth year Psychology, one would think that this faculty considers the subject merely as a necessary evil. But this is not the case, as will be evident when the revisions about to take place appear.

It is being increasingly recognized how necessary is a complete understanding of fundamental Psychology in Medical Practice for the doctor with a nagging patient who has no organic symptoms; for the doctor with a patient about to develop mental symptoms if his case is not efficiently understood and the precipitating factors of environment removed; and for the doctor who must advise parents on problems of their young in conjunction with judicial authorities. In short, the doctor will soon take his place as an advisor with practical suggestions on these problems instead of the vagrant practitioner who vaguely is aware of these recently crystallized understandings, but who could find no formulae in text-books.

General and fundamental psychology will soon play a major part in the pre-medical studies of aspirants who are now required to register in the combined degree of B.Sc.-M.D. As our knowledge of personality and psyche unfolds, but more important as it penetrates the cold and unresponsive atmosphere of this northern climate, then will junior medical students be made fully aware of the powers as yet unexploited. We wait anxiously.

Punning has gone out of style, but the following play on words is one which should have meaning as long as human nature is what it is: Why should we spurn the miser's hoard, Or lightly from us riches fling, "The penny's mightier than the sword," And "Little earning is a dangerous thing."—Satyres of Cynicus.

Notice of Import: The Medical Undergraduate Society will convene in Med 158 the night of Tuesday, Nov. 26th, at 7:30. "Medicine in Wartime" will be the film, just recently received, and Lt.-Surgeon T. B. McLean will be the guest speaker, just recently arrived. Food will be an after-thought.

Professor J. T. Jones of the English Department, has now consented to take charge of the art exhibit hung in the corridor adjacent to the Senate Chamber. This work was previously conducted by Professor C. S. Burgess, former professor of architecture, who has now retired.

ODE TO AN UNKNOWN EDITOR

Who is it who In times of stress Works hard and long Without redress?—The Editor.

Who raves and rants And tears his hair, And swears and curses Beyond compare?—The Editor.

Who carries on Like Jack the Killer And raises Hell For want of Filler?—The Editor.

And who's the lad Who takes his guff, And turns around And writes the stuff?—Me.

McGill Daily.

Cinema Synopsis

By Corwin Pine

The debut of this feature in last Tuesday's edition has given rise to varying opinions concerning its merits. It is gratifying to learn that quite a few people consider dramatic criticism worthy of a place in a student newspaper. On the other hand, I have been accused very frankly of prostituting whatever talent I may have by writing about the movies, which, though admittedly the nation's favorite popular entertainment, are scarcely important enough culturally to warrant serious discussion.

In view of the highly intelligent letter which appeared in Friday's Gateway pleading for material of a more literary nature, I am quite voluntarily undertaking to define my position. I was, and still am to some extent, a critic of The Gateway. However, I did not feel justified in ranting bitterly about its frequent anemic flippancy without doing something constructive to combat it. Hence Cinema Synopsis.

I am not a rabid movie fan in the star-worshipping sense, but motion pictures have been my hobby for some time, and I possess a considerably detailed knowledge of them from about 1930 to the present day, though this undertaking is rather more from the critical than technical standpoint. So much for my qualifications as a reviewer.

As to the cultural value of the screen. The prevalent attitude among the intelligentsia seems to be a particularly smug form of intellectual snobbery, best typified, perhaps, by George Jean Nathan. Mr. Nathan is a great stage critic, with an uncanny knack of spotting the phonies there, but for years he has been making a fool of himself and mitigating the true value of his writing by a caustic and stubborn tendency to look down his nose at anything and everything connected with Hollywood. This would be understandable in a man with little knowledge of the movies; in the general mental type which never got out of grade school, yet can tell the government exactly how to solve all the country's difficulties. Nathan, however, knows almost as much about pictures as he does about the legitimate theatre, and so his attitude is unpardonable.

For no serious, unbiased student of the drama can fail to see that the screen offers a range and scope, both in broadness of outline and background material, and in the technique of individual group characterization, which it is impossible for the stage to achieve. Hollywood has approached Shakespeare the master with a little too much superstitious awe, but three and a half centuries of stage interpretation have not failed to produce mutilations of the Bard which are travesties in the annals of the theatre.

There are other things besides Shakespeare, too. The screen's dramatization of great novels has been increasingly brilliant, as witness "Little Women", "David Copperfield", "Private Worlds", "The Good Earth", "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" and "Rebecca".

Hollywood's morals, sadly lacking until about five years ago, are now mostly routine and sugar-coated. Nevertheless, there have been a few films which presented indictments of social and judicial evils worthy of a Shaw or a Galsworthy. Specifically, I cite as examples "Fury", that savage and probing analysis of mob psychology; "They Won't Forget", a merciless expose of racial prejudice and the public's sadistic desire to see a punishment for every major crime, regardless of evidence (the Hauptmann affair is an actual case in point); or more recently, the "Grapes of Wrath", which, though occasionally maudlin, is an eloquent presentation of an American phenomenon. If you can view any of these pictures and remain complacently positive that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds, then you have no conscience and are probably not reading this column anyway.

Hollywood has done pretty well by the better stage plays, also. "Dinner at Eight", for instance, and

"Berkeley Square", "The Barretts of Wimpole Street", or "Dodsworth." Only this season we have observed Thornton Wilder's warmly human Pulitzer Prize winner, "Our Town", given an imaginative screen treatment of haunting, quiet beauty. And

(Continued on Page 4)

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REWARD

Theatre Directory

PRINCESS—Wed., Thurs., Fri., Nov. 27, 28, 29—Joan Bennett in "The House Across the Bay," and William Holden in "Those Were the Days."

STRAND—Tues., Wed., Thurs., Nov. 26, 27, 28—Clive Brook in "Convoy."

EMPRESS—Wed., Thurs., Fri., Nov. 27, 28, 29—Elsa Maxwell in "Public Debutante No. 1," and Kent Taylor in "I'm Still Alive."

CAPITOL—Last times today—"Down Argentine Way" (in Technicolor), with Don Ameche, Betty Grable and all-star cast. Coming Wed.: "No Time for Comedy," with Rosalind Russell and James Stewart.

RIALTO—Wed., Thurs., Fri.—Clark Gable, Myrna Loy in "Too Hot to Handle," and "The Mad Empress" with Lionel Atwell and Conrad Nagel.

VARSCONA—Last times today—"Pack Up Your Troubles" and "Barricade"; Wed. and Thurs., Eddie Cantor in "Forty Little Mothers" and Boris Karloff in "British Intelligence."

GARNEAU—Tues. and Wed.—"The Lady Vanishes" and Robert Young and Ann Southern in "Maise"; coming Thurs. and Fri., "The Amazing Mr. Williams" with Joan Blondell and Melvyn Douglas.

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GATEWAY SPORT SECTION

Varsity Hoop Squad Trims Normal Quintette

Girls Plan Strategy For Annual Court Classic With Professors; Proceeds Aid Christmas Fund

Loss of Ignatieff Heavy Blow to Faculty
GIRLS CHARGE PROFS UNETHICAL

Flash!—The annual Professor-Co-ed basketball game (?) is to be staged again this year in aid of the University Christmas Fund. The girls are already conniving new tactics in order to overwhelm the unethical professors (they either didn't know or don't adhere to the regulations of the game). The women athletes are practising faithfully under the enthusiastic coaching of Bob Fritz. However, if the faculty use the same tactics as they have in the past, there will be no need of coaching in their case.

At this early date we know nothing of the lineup the profs will be using, and may we add here that the absence of Count Ignatieff is sure to be felt by them. Even if the girls fail to find competition in an overtown league, they will certainly receive, in this game, sufficient hardening for any knocks that the Saskatchewan hoopers may be able to hand out. In spite of the prospects the girls have not yet given up hope of a city league being formed.)

As yet we know no time or place for the above-mentioned game, but as we have received numerous complaints over the lack of publicity for the game last year, we are reminding you in plenty of time to keep your eyes peeled for notices of the

event (when we say event, we mean event). Ask anyone who attended last year. They will tell you just how much fun it is to see the students have the upper hand on the professors for a change.

Moscovich Leads Big Block Club Reorganization

After an absence of several years from the campus, the Big Block Club organized again last Thursday night. Just how long the club has been inactive has been impossible to ascertain, but the members hope to make this year one which will point the way for succeeding editions of the organization.

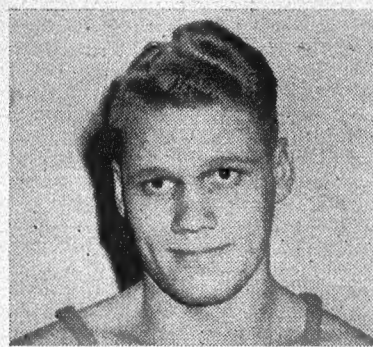
At Thursday night's meeting a partial list of officers were elected, and plans for the season's activities talked over. Sam Moscovich, basketball star, was elected president, and Marty Dewis, one of the best ever of Alberta's track men, was made secretary.

As the name implies, all men who receive the major athletic award, the Block "A" sweater, are automatically members of the club. According to the constitution, section XII, page 63, the object of the club is "to further the interests of men's athletics in general, and to promote a spirit of friendship and unity among all members of the various Varsity teams, both past and present."

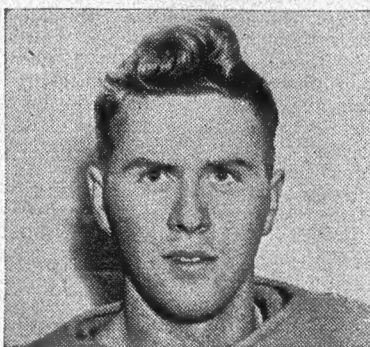
However, it has been mooted about that the present membership have decided that some change will be necessary in the organization as it is at present constituted. At the Thursday night meeting it was decided to talg the matter over more fully at the next meeting, when it is hoped that there will be more members present.

In the meantime, strenuous efforts will be made to get everyone out who is eligible for the club.

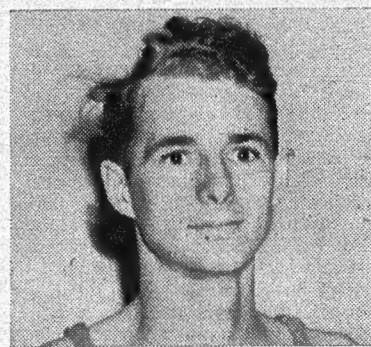
TWO AND ONE



Above you see three veteran members representing our two major winter sports. Left: Fay Anderson, star forward for the Bears



Centre we present George Stuart, president of hockey, who has been quite busy piloting the hockey agreement through. On



the right is Earl Dixon, Golden Bear basketball guard, who is back with Varsity this year.

Heard, Read and Seen

By FRED KENDRICK

It won't be long now, they're flooding the rink! All of which should be good news to a great many people hereabouts. Judging from the number of Varsity students who are availing themselves of ice facilities both on the South Side and overtown, the outdoor rink should be one of the most popular spots on the campus this winter.

We are pleased to see that the Big Block Club has once more entered the list of active organizations on the campus. Embodying as it does the most experienced athletic participants it should be a real force in aiding in the rehabilitation of University sport. We particularly think the boys are to be commended for their intention to publicize sport throughout the province. To President Sam Moscovich we say, good luck!

We are informed that by the time these words appear in print the agreement between Edmonton Flyers and University of Alberta Golden Bears will have been signed. It seems to this department that the Varsity club has reaped the major benefit from the pact. To begin with, we have been granted ten more practises on Arena ice than we would have had were there no agreement. And free too! The experience gained by a student playing in one senior game should prove more valuable than his single performance with the Flyers.

However, we can see the potential value to the Flyers maturing about play-off time. If Ira Stuart's crew were to land up in the play-offs with several injuries, the addition of a few Varsity men might make the difference between Flyers gaining the series or sitting on the side lines watching the other teams gaily tramping along the play-off trail.

All in all, it rather looks as though the Golden Bears are doing all right.

We hear from the Badminton Club that membership has not yet reached the limits that they have in other years. We would earnestly recommend shuttle chasing to any girl or fellow who wants a little exercise in extremely nice surroundings. The membership fee is really nominal—and returns just about as much value as any dollar you ever spent around here. But don't take our word for it. Try it.

The trimming the basketball team handed Normal the other night augurs well for the future. Granted they were playing a team that "isn't in their league," but it was a smooth working team that cleaned up the teachers.

Incidentally, the University of Saskatchewan men's team dropped their first game to the U. of S. "Grads" in the Saskatoon City League 31-22. Huskies have several veteran members back, all of whom have played here. Among them are Taylor, Cram, Probert and Mackenzie. We're looking forward to seeing them again.

Did you hear the broadcast of the Maple Leaf-Blackhawk game on Saturday night? Seems half the student body were an ear out trying to catch every reference to "our" Dave Mackay. Another Alberta boy makes good!

Well, seems now I can go back to sleep!

RUGBY THANKS

Now that the rugby season is definitely over, with not the remotest chance of another game this year, the University of Alberta Rugby Club wishes to express its sincere thanks to those who so kindly assisted the club in many ways throughout the short, yet intensive season, to make the year one of the best ever enjoyed on the campus.

To the following the club feels particularly indebted, and wishes to express special appreciation for the fine services rendered:

Sandy Gilchrist and Pudgy Wilson (water boys).

Ross Alger, Jack M. Rae and Ralph Loder (ticket sellers).

Lloyd Wilson and Bob Walford (play announcers).

Jack Roper and Charlie Stollery (public address system).

Sammy Moscovich, Frank Fitzgerald and Bud Chesney (yardstick operators).

(Signed) JACK MILLAR, President.
BOB TORRANCE, Manager.

Interfac Basketball League Draws Enthusiastic Crowds; New Schedule Working Admirably

Interfaculty basketball is certainly blossoming around the campus this winter, as the schedule under the new interfaculty sport organization gets under way. Hoopsters fighting for the glory of the faculty have hotly contested each game thus far, and even the fans are showing keen interest.

It is unusual, to say the least, to

see a cluster of fans at an interfaculty game, but such was the case last Thursday night as widely shouting supporters cheered the School of Education team to a 15-16 loss. The brand of basketball displayed has not been first-class, but what they lack in perfection the boys have more than made up in enthusiasm.

Fans who like their basketball, and who like it hot, shouldn't miss these contests. Each game has started right on time and strictly on schedule. There have been no defaults up to date. Despite the heavy demand on the Athabaska gym, practices have been held fairly regularly, and these will, no doubt, polish the style somewhat.

Normal School Basket Team Snowed Under 67-16, Every Man on Squad Makes Points

Cameron Leads Scoring Parade With 19

DEM ELEFTHERY SHOWS WELL IN FIRST GAME

Displaying a brand of basketball that should carry them far this winter, University of Alberta Golden Bears swept to an overwhelming 67-16 victory over a hard fighting Normal School team Friday night in the Normal School gymnasium.

Only for a brief few minutes at the beginning of the second half did the embryo teachers threaten Varsity at all. After a time out to reorganize, Varsity swept through to put the game on ice.

Varsity practically cinched the game in the first half. No less than 34 points were counted for the Green and Gold clad hordes before the whistle went ending the first stanza. In the same half only four points were scored by Normal.

It was at the beginning of the second that Normal made their most determined bid to stave off an almost certain defeat. Led by Abbot, who played a most effective game for the teachers, Normal chalked up six points to Varsity's three. However, the boys could not keep up the pace, and after a time out Varsity returned to the fray to add another even 30 points before full time elapsed.

Over-anxiety on the part of Normal players in their attempt to stop the crushing drive of the powerful Varsity squad resulted in many fouls being called against them. The Bears took full advantage of their free throws and scored no less than nine points on them.

Every player on the Alberta squad scored at least one basket. Scoring honors for Varsity went to Stan Cameron with 19 points. Brick Younie followed with 12, Sammy Moscovich and Dem Elefthery each picked up 10 in the course of the encounter.

The Varsity team is virtually composed of veterans of intra-city and inter-collegiate experience. There was only one new man on the squad in uniform Friday night, Dem Elefthery.

Elefthery worked in well with his team-mates, and should prove a valuable addition to 1941's team.

Although Normal were outclassed, they were by no means outfought, and the experience they gained in Friday night's encounter will stand

them in good stead when they begin play in their own league.

It is not likely that the City Senior Basketball League will swing into action before Christmas, but whenever it does Varsity will be one of the major contestants for league honors.

LINEUPS:

Varsity—Younie, Anderson, Dixon, Cameron, McElroy, Elefthery, Moscovich.

Normal—Hooper, Hansen, Abbot, Beckett, Thomas, Kurylo, Kuzicki, Hawrelak, Fleming, Kirkpatrick.

Referee—Spoonier.

NOTICE

The Med-Arts game, which was to have been played this evening, has been postponed until further notice.

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